

T O T H E M E M O R Y

106

Of my most Honoured Friend

Sir **JONAS MOORE**, Knight, K

Late Surveyor General of His Majesties Ordnance and Armories.

Nature first rul'd the World by Laws unknown
To all the World, but to her self alone;
While man knew nothing more then how to admire,
And satisf'd with Wonder, sought no higher.

Then came the Dull Philosopher, and he
Long time essay'd with tedious scrutinie;
But after all, most Happy he, and Wise,
That knows the hidden Cause of things, he cries.
The Cause of Thunder is but Cloudy Guefs,
And what the dreadful Comet feeds, no less.
But Demonstration rules those noble Arts
That so renown'd Renowned **MOORES** great Parts.
The Man, whose Genius mounted to the Skie,
And fetch'd from thence Infallibilitie.
Whose Studies still, with Victory repay'd,
Scorn'd all resistance which the Mystery made.
Who, with the Charms of powerful Numbers bold,
Gave the Sea Laws, and Massy Earth Controul'd.
For Poise and Numbers were the *Solid Root*
On which he fix'd his *Archimedean Foot*.
The Wandring Sea-man by his *Problems* Taught,
Find easie now, what long their *Toyles* had fought:
And Towns surrounded by his Skillful care,
Contemn the Fury of Industrious War.
He Soar'd to Heaven, and viewing every part,
Search'd all the Spheres, and by a God-like Art,
Number'd the Stars, and made them all obey
The Powerful Workings of his *Algebra*.
While thus his *Magazines* did *England* store,
England Won Honour from her Honour'd **MOORE**.
The *Grecian Euclid*, and *Sicilian Glory*,
Who check'd the Pride of Bold *Marcellus* fury,
Were but the Morning-Stars to her great Sun.
Her Sun has *Greece* and *Sicili* out-shone,
By Rip'ning what in them was ownly Blown. }
Such a Disciple worthily became
The Credit of his Master *Oughtred's* Name.
He finds himself repay'd for all his Pains,
While in the Scholars Fame the Master reigns.
The Payment must suffice, when men shall say,
'Twas *Oughtred* Taught surpassing **MOORE** the Way.
Let *Euclid* his great *Herigonius* claim,
Or Learned *Barrow* choose to Imp his Fame;
They both to greater **MOORE** must yield, and know
The Practicks only from his Labours flow.
There lies the Publick Use; by that we find
How much his Studies have oblig'd Man-kind.
What though our Sun be Set, there yet return
Those Beams which still enlighten from his Urn.
The Lord of Day, when once he Sets 'tis true,
Black Night all Objects hides from Humane View.
But when, like him, the Learned fall, no Nights
Can e're extinguish their Immortal Lights.
Their Works of Heavenly Matter, and their Praise
Still Flame behind with an Eternal Blaze.
'Tis true, our loss is great, but 'tis in Vain
Of Fate in tedious *Disticks* to Complain;
For Mortals must descend and fill the Grave,
Though they be ne're so Skillful, ne're so Brave.
Yet since the Learned to the Learned owe
The tribute of Remembrance; Let us show
Respect and Honour to that Sacred Dust,
Which else, would call the Learned World unjust.
Then to the Virtues of his Mind ascend,
And let him, as he was, himself Commend.
Record him Just, and to his purpose True,
Sententious *Horace's* Good man, quite through:
A Friend to Friendship, without false pretence;
The Laws observer, Loyal to his Prince.

Then View his *Telescope* on *Greenwich-hill*,
The sweet Recluse of his Celestial Skill;
And there behold his Brave and Generous Heart,
So free for the support of Noble Art.
Where, like the Industrious *Dane* in *Hueua Isle*,
So Famous for his own Ingenious *Pile*;
No sooner was the Sun's back turn'd, but he
Fully Survey'd all Heavens *Geometrie*.

The Famous *Archimedes* much had found,
To set his Orbs of Crystal going round:
Him Studious *Tychobrace* far out-vy'd,
And left his Vaster Globe for *Denmark's* Pride:
But greater **MOORE**, new Secrets to display,
Practiz'd on Heaven it self, that we may say,
The Heavens themselves permitted him to Dye,
So to prevent his farther Scrutinie.

The World, not for the World, would be without
Those *Rules* and *Methods*, which he late found out;
To dive into the Secret Depths of *Number*;
Number, that was the Ancients worship'd wonder:
Who, had they known his *Algebra's*, in time
Would have converted all their Vows to him.
The *Genius* of all Arts, whose Studies made
A Publick Reformation for each Trade.

The *Horologer* by his Pains Improv'd,
As if his Wheels the Heavenly Body mov'd,
Measures Times flight with so much Skill from Him,
That we behold with Pleasure, loss of Time:
We see it fly, yet gladly feed our Eyes,
To see how pleasantly away it flies.

The Studious *Engineer* short time bestows
Upon his modern *Rules*, and perfect grows;
As if it only were enough to look,
And then to wear the Models of his *Book*;
While from their Platforms ranged *Guns* proclaim
The Scholar's Skill, but more the Master's Fame;
Since his Proportion gave them strength and form,
Which Peace admires, and War can never harm.

But above all, his *Prince* full soon observ'd
His learned Parts, and as his Parts deserv'd,
Plac'd him within his Proper *Spherick* Height,
And gave him Honour too, to shine more Bright.
His Charge was great, and his Discharge as great;
Whom ne're Complaint pursu'd, nor Check of State:
Nor could the open Mouth of false Report
Do his untainted Reputation hurt;
For this our Mighty *Neptune* chose so fair,
And gave his little *Tritons* to his care.
Those Striplings, which his Royal Bounty Breeds,
To reap the Harvest of their future Deeds:
And for whose sake great **MOORE** did late Compile
Those Happy Treasures of our Sea-girt Isle.
Where, the known Earth in Lovely *Maps* Survey'd,
And wider Ocean in *Sea Cards* Display'd.
The Generous Youth with Noble Thoughts inflame,
To excel *Columbus* and *Magellani's* Fame.

These things Consider'd by a Gen'rous Prince,
The Mighty Monarch, touch'd with a deep Sence
Of his great Loss, yet Studious of repair,
The Fathers Trust gives back unto his Heir:
For since my **MOORE** is gone, I'll raise, said He,
My self, a Living Monument to Him of Thee.

Thus Dy'd the Mirror of our Age, and thus
Doubly on Earth he lives again with us;
Engaging Doubly all that here Survive,
By Living Works, and by a Son alive.

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